THE COVNTER SCVFFLE.

Whereunto is added, the COVNTER-RATT.

Written by R. S.

LONDON.

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THE
COVNTER
SCVFFLE.

BRITISH MUSEUM

LONDON.

THE COVNTER-SCVFFLE.

LEt that Maiesticke pen that writes
Of braue K. *Arthur* and his Knights,
And of their noble feates and fights:
And those who tell of Mice and Frogges,
And of the skirmishes of Hogges,
And of fierce *Beares*, and Mastiue Dogges,
Be silent
And now let each one listen well,
While I the famous Battle tell,
In *Woodstreet Counter* that befell
In high Lent.
In which great *Scuffle* onely twaine,
Without much hurt, or being slaine,
Immortall honour did obtaine
by meritt.
One

One was a *Captaine* in degree,
A ſtrong and luſty man was hee,
T'other a *Tradeſ-man* bold and free
Of Spirit.
And though he was no man of force,
He had a ſtomacke like a Horſe,
And in his rage had no remorſe
Or pitie.
Full nimbly could he cuffe and clout,
And was accounted, without doubt,
One of the prettieſt Sparkes about
The Citie.
And at his weapon any way
He would performe a ſingle fray,
Euen from the long Pike to the *Tay-*
lors Bodkin.
He reckt not for his fleſh a iot,
He feard nor *Engliſhman* nor *Scot*,
For *Man* or *Monſter*, car'd he not
A Dodkin.
For fighting was his recreation
And like a man in Deſperation,
For *Law*, *Edict*, or *Proclamation*
He car'd not.

And in his Anger (cause being giuen)
Or lift his fist 'gainst good Sir *Steuen*,
To any *Iustice* vnder Heauen,
He fear'd not.
He durst his enemie withstand,
Or at *Tergoos* or *Calis* sand,
And brauely there with sword in hand
Would greet him.
And noble *Ellis* was his name,
Who 'mongst his foes to purchase fame,
Nor cared though the Diuell came
To meete him.
And this braue *Goldsmith* was the man,
Who first this worthy brawle began,
Which after ended in a Can
Of mild Beere.
But had you seene him when he fought,
How eagerly for bloud he sought,
Ther's no man but would haue him thought
A wild Beare.
Imagine now you see a score
Of madcap Gentlemen or more,
Boyes that did vse to royst and rore,
And swagger.
Among

Among the which were three or foure,
That rul'd themselues by wisdomes lore,
Whose very Grandsires scarcely wore
A Dagger.
A *Priest* and *Lawyer*, men well read,
In wiping Spoones, and chipping bread,
And falling too, short grace being sed,
Full roundly.
Whose hungry mawes no Sallets need
Good appetites therein to breed,
Their stomackes without sauce could feed
Profoundly:
'Twas ill that men of sober dyet,
Who lou'd to fill their guts in quiet,
Were plac'd with *Ruffins*, that to ryot
Were giuen:
And (O great griefe!) ceuen from their food,
(Their Stomacks too, being strong & good)
And that sweet place whereon it stood,
Be driuen.
But here t'is fitting I repeat,
What food our daintie Prisoners eat?
But if in placing of the meat
And Dishes.

From curious order I doe swerue,
T'is that themselues did none obserue,
For which nor flesh they did deserue
Nor Fishes.
But some (perhaps) will say that Lent,
Affoords them not what heere is ment,
So much, so good, and that they went
Without it
T'is like: but if I adde a Dish,
Or twaine, or three, of Flesh or Fish,
They either had, or did it wish,
Ne're doubt it.
Then wipe your mouthes, while I declare,
The goodnesse of their Lenten fare,
Which is in Prisons very rare,
I tell ye.
Furmitie sweete as any *Nut*,
As good as ere t'will'd a Gut,
And Butter sweet as e're was put
In belly.
Egges by the dozen, new and good,
Which in white Salt vprighely stood,
And meates which heat and stir the bloud
To action.

The Supper.

As butter'd *Crabs* and *Lobſters* red,
Which ſend the married payre to bed,
And in looſe blouds haue often bred
A Faction.
Fiſh butterd to the Platters brim,
And Parſnips did in Butter ſwim,
Strew'd ore with Pepper, neate and trim
Salt Salmon.
Smelts cryde, Come eate me, doe not ſtay,
Freſh Cod, and *Maides* full neerely lay,
And next to theſe a luſty *Ba-*
con Gammon
Stuck thicke with Cloues vpon the backe,
Well ſtuft with Sage, and for the ſmacke,
Daintily ſtrewd with Pepper blacke,
Sous'd Gurnet
Pickrell, *Sturgeon*, *Tench* and *Trout*,
Meate farre to good for ſuch a rout,
To tumble, toſſe, and throw about
And ſpurne it.
The next, a *Neats-tongue* neately dryde,
Muſtard and *Sugar* by his ſide,
Rochets butter'd *Flounders* fryde,
Hot *Cuſtard.*
Eeeles

Eeles boyl'd and broil'd and next they bring
Herring, that is the *Fishes* King,
And then a Courtly Poll of *Ling*,
And *Mustard*.
But stay, I had almost forgot
The flesh which still stands piping hot,
Some from the Spit, some from the Pot
New taken.
A *Shoulder*, and a *Leg* of *Mutton*,
As good as euer Knife was put on,
Which neuer were by a true Glutton
Forsaken.
A *Loyne* of *Veale*, that would haue dar'd
One of the hungriest of the *Guard*,
And they sometimes will feed full hard,
Like tall men,
And such as loue the *Lustie Chine*:
But when that I shall sup or dine,
God grant they be no *Guests* of mine,
Of all men.
Thus the Descriptions are compleat,
Which I haue made of men and meat.
Mars aide me now, while I repeat
The Battle,

Where Pots and Stooles were vs'd as Gins,
To breake each others Heads, and Shins,
Where blowes did make bones in their skins
To rattle.
Where men in madnesse neuer ceast,
Till each (furious, as a Beast)
Had spoyl'd the fashion of a Feast,
Full daintie.
Whereon, they had not beene accurst,
They might haue fed, till bellies burst:
But *Ellis* shew'd himselfe the worst
Of twentie.
For he began this monstrous brall,
Which afterward incens'd them all,
To throw the meat about the Hall,
That euen.
And now giue care vnto the Iarre,
That fell betweene these men of Warre,
Wherin so many a harmelesse skarre
Was giuen.
The boord thus furnisht each man sate,
Some fell to feeding, some to prate,
'Mong whom a iarring question straight
Was risen.

For

For they grew hotly in diſpute,
What Calling was of moſt repute:
'Twas well their wits were ſo acute
In Priſon. *Parſon.*
While they diſcours'd the *Parſon* blythe
Fed, as he meant to haue the Tythe,
Of euery Diſh, being ſharpe (as Sythe)
in feeding.
But haſte had almoſt made him choke,
Or elſe, pehaps, he would haue ſpoke
In prayſe of his long-threed-bare Cloke,
And breeding.
But after a deliberate pawſe,
The *Lawyer* ſpoke as he had cauſe *Lawyer.*
In commendation of the *Lawes*
Profeſſion.
The Law, quoth he, by a iuſt doome,
Doth cenſure all that to it come,
And ſtill defends the Innocent from
Oppreſſion.
It fauours Truth; it curbes the hope
Of Vice; it giues Allegeance ſcope;
Prouides a Gallowes and a Rope
For Treaſon.

This doth the *Law*, and this is it
Which makes vs heere in Prison sit,
Which grounded is on holy Writ
And Reason.
To which all men must subiect be,
As we by daily proofe doe see,
From highest to the lowst degree;
The *Scholler*,
Noble, and *Rich*: It doth subdue
The *Souldier*, and his swaggering crue.
But at that word the Captaine grew
In choller.
The soul dier. He lookt full grim, and at first word,
Rapt out an Oath, that shooke the board,
And strucke his fist, that the found roar'd
Like thunder.
It made all skip, that stood him neere,
The frighted *Custard* quak'd for feare,
And those that heard it, stricken were
With wonder.
Nought did he now but frowne, and puffe,
And hauing star'd, and swore enough,
Thus he began in language rough:
Thou cogging,
Base

Base foysting *Lawyer*, that dost set
Thy mind on nothing, but to get
Thy liuing by thy damned pet-
tifogging:
A Slaue, that shall for halfe a Crowne,
With Buckram bag, and daggled Gowne,
Waite like my Dogge about the Towne,
And follow
A businesse on the Deuils part,
For Fees, though nor with Law nor Art:
But head as emptie as thy heart
Is hollow.
You stay at home, and pocket Fees,
While we abroad our blouds doe leese,
And then, with such base termes as these
You wrong vs.
But *Lawyer*, it is safer farre
For thee to prattle at a Barre,
Then once to shew thy face i'th Warre
Among vs.
Where to defend such thankelesse Hinds,
The *Souldier* little quiet finds,
But is expos'd to stormie winds.
And weathers,

 And

And oft in bloud he wades full deepe,
Your throats from forrain ſwords to keep,
And wakes, when you ſecurely ſleepe
In feathers.
What could your *Lawes* or *Statutes* doe
Againſt Inuaſions of the *Foe*,
Did not the valiant *Souldier* goe
To quell'em?
And to preuent your further harmes,
With Enſigne, Fife, and lowd Alarmes
Of warlike Drum, by force of Armes
Repell'em?
Your *Treſpaſſe Action* will not ſtand,
For ſetting foot vpon your Land,
When they in ſcorne of your *Command*
Come hither.
No remedie in *Courts* of *Powles*,
In *Common Place*, or in the *Rowles*,
For iolling of your *Iobbernolls*
Together.
Wert not for vs, thou *Swad*, quoth hee,
Where would'ſt thou fog to get a fee?
But to defend ſuch things as thee,
'Tis pitie.

For ſuch as thou, eſteeme vs leaſt,
Who euer haue beene readie preſt,
To guard you, and the *Cuckowes* neſt,
Your *Citie.*
That very word made *Ellis* ſtart, *Citizen.*
And all his bloud ranne to his heart,
He ſhooke, and quak'd in euery part
With anger.
He lookt, as if nought might aſſwage
The heate of his inflamed rage,
His very countenance did preſage
Some danger.
A *Cuckowes* neſt? quoth he: and ſo,
He humm'd, and held his head full low,
As if diſtracted thoughts did o-
uerpreſſe him.
At length, quoth he, my Mother ſed,
At *Briſtow* ſhe was brought abed,
And there was *Ellis* borne and bred, *Ellis a Briſtow-man.*
(God bleſſe him.)
Of *London* Citie I am free,
And there I firſt my *Wife* did ſee,
And for that very cauſe, quoth hee,
I loue it.
And

And he that cals it *Cuckowes* nest,
Except he sayes he speakes in iest,
He is a Villaine, and a beast,
Ile prooue it.
This Ile maintaine, nor doe I care,
Though *Captaine Pot-gun* stampe and stare,
And swagger, sweare, and teare his haire
In furie.
And with the hazard of my bloud,
Ile fight vp to the knees in mud,
But I will make my quarrell good;
Assure yee.
For though I am a man of Trade,
And free of *London* Citie made,
Yet can I vse *Gunne*, *Bill*, and *Blade*
In battle.
And Citizens, if need require,
Themselues can force the Foe retire
What euer this *Low-Country* Squire
Doe prattle.
For we haue Souldiers of our owne,
Able enough to guard the Towne,
And Captaines of most faire renowme,
About it.

If

If any Foe ſhould fight amaine,
And ſet on vs with all his Traine,
Weele make him to retyre againe,
Ne're doubt it.
We haue fought well in dangers paſt,
And will doe while our liues doe laſt,
Without the helpe of any caſt
Commanders,
That hither come, compell'd by want,
With ruſtie Swords, and Suits Prouant,
From *Vtrich*, *Numigen*, or *Gant*,
In *Flanders*.
The *Captaine* could no longer hold,
But looking fiercely, plainely told
The Citizen, hee was too bold,
And call'd him
Proud *Boy*, and for his ſawcie ſpeech,
Did ſhortly vow to whip his breech:
Then *Ellis* ſnatcht the Pot, with which
He mall'd him.
He threw the Iugge, and therewithall, *The Scuffle.*
He gaue the *Captaine* ſuch a mall,
As made him thumpe againſt the wall
His Crupper.

With that, the *Captaine* tooke a Diſh,
That ſtood brim-full of butterd Fiſh,
As good as any heart could wiſh
To Supper.

And as he threw, his foote did ſlide,
Which turn'd his arme and diſh aſide,
And all be-butter-fiſhifide
Nic Ballat.

And he (good man) did none diſeaſe,
But ſitting quiet, and at eaſe,
With butterd *Rochets* ſought to pleaſe
His Pallat.

But when he felt the wrong he had,
He rag'd, and ſwore, and grew ſtarke mad,
Some in the roome beene better had
Without him.

For hee tooke hold of any thing,
And firſt he caught the Poll of *Ling*,
Which hee couragiouſly did fling
About him.

Out of his hand it flew apace,
And hit the *Lawyer* in the face,
Who at the boord in higheſt place
Was ſeated.

And

And as the *Lawyer* thought to riſe,
The Salt was throwne into his eyes,
Which him of ſight in wofull wiſe
Defeated.

All things neere hand, *Nic Ballat* threw:
At length his butterd *Rochets* flew,
And hit by chance, among the crew,
The Parſon.

The Sauce his coate did all be-wet,
The *Prieſt* began to fume and fret,
The ſeat was butterd which he ſet
His —on.

He knew not what to doe or ſay,
It was in vaine to Preach, or pray,
Or crie, You are all gone aſtray,
Good people.

He might as well goe ſtriue to teach,
Diuinitie beyond his reach;
Or when the Bels ring out, goe preach
I'th Steeple.

At this miſchance, the ſilly man,
Out of the roome would faine haue ran,
And very angerly began
To mutter.

Ill lucke had he, for after that,
One threw the *Parſneps* full of fat,
Which ſtucke like Brooches in his Hat,
With Butter.

Out of the place he ſoone repaires,
And ran halfe headlong downe the Staires,
And made complaint to Maſter *Ayres*
With crying.

Vp ranne he to know the matter,
And found how they the things did ſcatter,
Heere a Trencher, there a Platter
Were lying.

I dare not ſay, he ſtunke for woe,
Nor will, vnleſſe I did it know,
But ſome there bee that dare ſay ſo,
That ſmelt him.

Nor could yee blame him, if hee did,
For they threw Diſhes at his head,
And did with Egges and Loaues of bread,
Bepelt him.

He thruſt himſelfe into the throng;
And vs'd the vertue of his tongue:
But what could one mans word among
So many?

The

The *Candles* all were ſhuffled out,
The Victuals flew afreſh about:
Was neuer ſuch a Combate fought
By any.

Now in the darke was all the coyle,
Some were bloody in the broyle,
And ſome lay ſteept in *Sallet-Oyle*,
And *Muſtard.*

The ſight would make a man affeard:
Another had a butterd Beard,
Anothers face was all beſmear'd
With *Cuſtard.*

Others were dawb'd vp to the knee
With butterd *Fiſh* and *Furmitie*,
And ſome the men could ſcarcely ſee
That beat'em.

Vnder the boord *Lluellin* lay,
Being ſore frighted with the fray,
And as the weapons flew that way,
He eate'em.

Wil. Lluellin, *a Priſoner there, ſometime the Keeper.*

The bread ſtucke in the windowes all,
Like bullets in a *Caſtle* wall,
Which furious Foes doe ſeeke to ſcale
In battle.

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In battle.

Shoulders of *Mutton*, Loynes of *Veale*,
Appointed for to serue the Meale,
About their eares full many a Peale
Did rattle.

One of the vnder Keepers. The which, when *Owen Blany* spide,
Oh, take away their Armes, he cride,
Lest some great hurt doe them betide,
Preuent it.

And then the Knaue away did steale,
Of food that fell, no little deale,
And in his house at many a meale,
He spent it.

The *Captaine* ranne the rest among,
As eager to reuenge the wrong,
Done by the *Pot*, which *Ellis* flung
So stoutly.

And angrie *Ellis* sought about,
To find the furious *Captaine* out,
At length they met, and then they fought
Deuoutly.

Now being met, they neuer lin,
Till with their lowd robustious din,
The roome, and all that was therein,
Did rumble.

In-

Inſtead of weapons made of Steele,
The *Captaine* tooke a ſalted *Eele*,
And at each blow, made *Ellis* reele,
And tumble.

Ellis a Pippin-Pye had got,
A ſoarer weapon then the Pot:
For loe, the Apples being hot,
Did ſcald him.

The *Captaine* layd about him ſtill,
As if hee would poore *Ellis* kill,
And with his *Eele* with a good will,
He mall'd him.

At length, quoth hee, *Ellis* thou art,
A fellow of couragious heart,
Yeeld now, and I will take thy part
Hereafter.

Quoth *Ellis*, much I ſcorne to heare
Thy words or threats, being free from feare,
With which hee hardly could forbeare
From laughter.

Together then, a freſh they flye,
The *Eele* againſt the *Pippin-Pye*:
But *Blany* ſtood there purpoſely,
To watch'em.

The

The weapons wherewithall they fought,
Were thoſe, for which he chiefly ſoughr,
And with an eager ſtomacke thought
To catch'em.

but ſcap'd not now ſo well away,
As at the *Veale* and *Mutton* fray:
He thought to haue with ſuch a prey
His iawes fed.

But all his hope did turne aſide,
He lookt for that which lucke deny'd:
For *Ellis* all be-Pippin-pide
His Calues head.

Woe was the caſe he now was in,
The Apples hot, did ſcald the skin,
His Skull, as it had rotten bin,
Did coddle.

With that, one foole among the rout,
Made out-crie all the houſe about,
That *Blany's* braines were beaten out
His noddle.

A Turn-key, a fat fellow.

Which *Lockwood* hearing, needs would ſee,
VVhat all this coyle and ſtirre might be,
And vp the Staires, his Guts and he
VVent wadling.

But

But when he came the Chamber neere,
Behinde the doore he stood to heare,
But in he durst not come for feare
Of swadling.
There stood he in a frightfull case:
And as by chance he stir'd his face,
Full on the mouth, a butter'd Playce
Did hit him.
Away he sneakt, and with his tongue,
He lick'd and swallow'd vp the wrong,
And as he went the roome along,
Be--him.
For helpe now, doth poore *Lockwood* crie,
O bring a Surgeon, or I die,
My guts out of my belly flye:
Come quickly.
Blany with open mouth likewise,
For present helpe of Surgeon cryes,
Pitie a man, quoth he, that lyes
So sickly.
Phillips, the skilfull Surgeon then,
Was cal'd, and cal'd, and cal'd agen,
If he had skill to cure these men,
To shew it.

At length he comes, and first he puts
His hands, to feele for *Lockwoods* guts,
Which came not foorth so sweet as Nuts,
All know it.
He cries for water. In the meane
One cals vp *Madge* the *Kitchin queane*,
To take and make the Baby cleane
And clout it.
Fast by the Nose shee tooke the Squall,
And led him softly through the Hall,
Lest the perfume through knees should fall
About it.
Shee turn'd his Hose beneath his knee,
Nor could shee chuse but laugh to see
That yellow, which was wont to be
A white breach.
Shee tooke a Dish-clout off the Shelfe,
And with it wipt the durtie Elfe,
Which had not wit to helpe it selfe
Poore--breech.
Thus leauing *Lockwood* all be-rai'd.
Vnto the mercie of the Maide,
Who well deserued to be payd
For taking
Such

Such homely paines. Now let vs caſt
Our thoughts backe on the ſtirre that's paſt,
And them whoſe bones could not in haſte
Leaue aking.
And like the Candles, ſhall my Pen
Shew you theſe Gallants once agen,
Which now like *Furies*, not like men.
Appeared.
Freſh lights being brought t'appeaſe the braile
Shew twentie mad men in the Hall,
With Bloud and Sauce their faces all
Beſmeared.
Their Cloathes rent and ſowſ'd in drinke,
Oyle, Muſtard, Butter, and the ſtinke,
Which *Lockwood* left, would make one thinke
In ſadneſſe.
That theſe ſo monſtrous creatures dwell,
Either in *Bedlam*, or in Hell,
Or that nor tongue, or penne can tell
Their madneſſe.
They were indeed diſ-figur'd ſo,
Friend knew not friend, nor foe man foe,
And each man ſcarce himſelfe did know.
But after

A fran-

A franticke staring round about,
They sodainely did quit their doubt,
And lowdly all at once brake out
In laster.
The heart of all is now alaid,
The Keepers gently doe perswade,
And (as before) all friends are made,
Full kindly.
Ellis, the *Captaine* doth imbrace;
The *Captaine* doth returne the grace,
And so doe all men in the place,
As friendly.
By *Ioue* I loue thee, *Ellis* cryd;
The *Captaine* soone as much replyed,
Thou art, quoth he, a man well tryde:
And *Vulcan*
With *Mars* at ods againe shall be,
E're any iarres twixt thee and me:
And thereupon I drinke to thee
A full Can.
And then he kneeld vpon the ground:
Drinkt off (quoth *Ellis*) for this round
For euer shall be held renownd:
And neuer
May

May any quarrell twixt vs twaine
Arise; or this renue againe:
But may we louing friends remaine
For euer.

Amen, cryde *Captaine*, so did all,
And so the health went through the Hall,
And thus the Noble *Counter*-brall
Was ended.

But hunger now did vexe'em more,
Then all their anger did before:
They searcht i'th roome how far their store
Extended.

They want the meate which *Blany* stole:
One finds a *Herring* in a hole,
With durt and dust blacke as a coale,
And troden
All vnder feete; The next in post
Snaps vp, and feeds on what was lost,
And lookes not whether it be rost
Or sodden.

A third, finds in another place
A piece of *Lyng* in durtie case,
And *Mustard* in his fellowes face:
Another.

Eſpies, that findes a loafe of bread:
A diſh of Butter all beſpread,
And ſtucke vpon anothers head
I'th poother.
Thus what they found, contented ſome,
At length the Keeper brings a Broome,
Meaning therewith to cleanſe the roome,
With ſweeping.
But vnder Table, on the ground
Looking to ſweepe, by chance he found
Luellin, fainening to be ſound-
ly ſleeping
He pull'd him out ſo ſwift by the heeles,
As if his arſe had ran on wheeles,
And found his pocket ſtuft with *Eeles*:
His Codpiece
Did plentie of prouiſion bring,
Somewhat it held of euery thing,
Smelts, *Flounders*, *Rochets*, and of *Ling*
A broad piece.
At this diſcouerie each man round
Tooke equall ſhare of what was found,
Which afterwards they freely drown'd
In good drinke.
For

For of good Beere there was good ſtore,
Till all were glad to giue it o're
For each man had, enough and more
That wou'd drinke.
And when they thus had drunke and fed,
(As if no quarrell had beene bred)
They all ſhooke hands, and all to bed
Did ſhuffle.
Ellis, the glory of this Towne,
With that braue *Captaine* of renowne:
And thus I end this famous *Conn-*
ter-Scuffle.

FINIS.

BRITISH
21 JY 1919
MUSEUM

Cruelty

To the Reader.

THis Bacchanalian Night-prize of the Counter-Scuffle, being thus finiſhed, hath euer ſince frighted both Priſoners and Jaylors from comming into any roome, for feare of a ſecond vproare. So that the Counter, for want of ſweet garniſhing, and cleanely looking to, is growne ſo naſtie, that no man (by his good will) will thruſt his noſe in, at any of the gates: Nay, will rather goe a mile about than come neere it; Though to keepe it ſweet, a great deale of Mace is ſtucke vpon euerie Sergeant, as if he were a Capon in white-broth.

Vpon this ſlouenlineſſe, it is wofully haunted with Rats, not ſuch Rats as runne vp and downe in Brew-houſes, ſucking the new wort of ſtrong

Beere so long, and in such abundance, that halfe the Citie is compelled to drink beere as small as water: Nor those Rats which are not mealy-mouth'd in Bake-houses, where they gnaw so many batches of Bread, that a Penny-loafe wants sometimes three or foure ounces in waight: And then the honest Baker is blam'd, and curs'd, and (perhaps) innocently set in the Pillorie.

Neither are they those Rats, which greaze their throats in Tallow-Chaundlers shops, where they nibble so much upon candles, that not one pound in an hundred is euer full waight.

No, these are no Rats with foure legs, but only two; and though they haue nests in a thousand places of London, *yet for the most part they run but into two Rat-traps, that's to say, The Compters of* Wood-street *and the* Poultry, *and for that cause are called Compter-Rats.*

How caught, how mowz'd, and what they are,
This Picture liuely does declare.

THE

THE COVNTER-RAT.

OF Knights and Squires of low degree,
Of Roaring Boyes, that ſtick and ſnee,
Of Battoon Dam-mees that cry Bree,
I ſing now.
At men and women (Bawds and Whores)
At Pimps and Pandars that keepe doores *,
At all that out-face Vintners ſcores,
I ſling now.
What ſling I? Nothing, but light rimes,
(Not tun'd as are S^t. *Pulchers* chimes)
No ſteeples height my Muſe now climbes,
But flyeth
Cloſe to the ground as Swallowes doe,
When rainy weather muſt enſue,
She flies, and ſings; and if not true,
She lyeth.

* *I meane no play-doores: Thoſe are too honeſt.*

*The Kings Iuggler.

Lay (*Hocus Pocus*) thy tricks by*,
Let *Martin Parkers* Ballads dye,
Thy Theaming likewiſe I defie,
O *Fenner*.

Let Hogſdon-Scrapers on their Baſe
Sound Fum-fum-fum, from tottred caſe,
Nor Meane, nor Treble now take place,
But Tennor:

A Counter-Tennor is that Note,
Too eaſie, —'tis ne're ſung by rote,
But got with wetting well your throat
With Claret,

Or ſtout March-beere, or Windſor Ale,
Or Labour-in-vaine, (ſo ſeldome ſtale,)
Or Pymlico, whoſe too great ſale
Did marre it.

Her hat me reades, ſhall fall out flat
With *Homers* Frog, and *Virgills* Gnat,
And *Ouids* Flea, which ſo neere ſat
The Moone-ſhine;

For I of ſtranger wonders write,
Of a wilde Vermine got each night,
Mad Bulls i'th' darke, but Gulls in ſight
Of Sun-ſhine.

My

My Metamorphoſis is rare,
For Men to Rats transformed are,
And (then) thoſe Rats are Priſoners fare,
O pittie!
But 'tis good ſport to ſee them dreſt,
To garniſh out a Mornings Feaſt,
Each bit being ſalted with a ieſt
Scarce wittie.
Theſe are not Rats that nibble cheeſe,
Or challenge mouldy cruſts for fees,
And rather will their long tailes leeſe
Than Bacon:
No, theſe are they, whoſe guts being cram'd,
(As Cannons hard with powder ram'd.)
And Bag-pipe cheekes with wines inflam'd,
Are taken
By Conſtables and Bill-men eke,
Who ſpeake nor Latine, French, nor Greeke,
But are Night-Sconces, out to ſeeke
Night-Sneakers,
Who late in Tauernes vp doe ſit,
Whiffing Smoke, Money, Time, and Wit,
Powring in Bowles, till out they ſpit
Full Beakers.

Theſe (then) being to the Counter led,
Each Priſoner ſhakes his ſhaggie head,
And leaning halfe out of his bed,
A laughing
Fals, —And cries out —A Rat, —A Rat,
Oh! roares another, —Is he fat?
If not, —Flea off his cloake, or hat;
Thus ſcoffing,
Till Morne they lye. —The poore Rat gets
Into ſome hole, —Beſides his wits,
To heare ſuch catterwalling fits,
So fright him:
But day being riſe, —All vp doe riſe,
And call for Beere to cleare his eyes,
A Garniſh then the whole Roome cryes,
They bite him.
Aske any how ſuch newes I tell,
Of *Wood-ſtreets* Hole, or *Poultries* Hell?
Know. I did mongſt thoſe Gypſies dwell
That cozen there,
I meane the Turne-keyes, and thoſe Knaues,
Who racke (for fees) men, worſe than ſlaues;
I ſaw brought in with bills and glaues,
Some dozen there.

For I one night by Rug-gownes caught,
Was for a Rat toth' Compter brought,
What there my deere experience bought,
Ile sell yee
Cheaper, than I could haue it there,
For they for Tokens, throats will teare,
But such as 'tis, fill with the cheere
Your belly.
Pricke vp your eares, —for I begin
To tell, what Rats (my night) came in,
Caught without Cat, or Trap, or Ginne,
But mildely,
Being call'd before the Bench of Wits,
Who sit out midnights Bedlame fits;
But some being rid (like Iades with bits)
Ran wildely.
Firſt, about twelue, the Compter gates
Thundred with thumping:—Dores & grates
Reel'd at the peale,—when our Priſon-mates
Vp-ſtarting,
Saw in the yard a franticke Swarme,
Crying, O my head, necke, ſides, leg, arme,
Sore had the fight beene, but ſmall harme
At parting.

It was a Watch, ſwearing We bleed,
But 'twas their noſes dropp'd indeed:
Maſters (quoth They) We charge take heed
Of Him there.

A Roaring Rat.

THat Royſter, vs to our trumps has put,
And runne our Beadle th'row a gut,
His Bilbo has from each man cut
A limbe here.
They gone, -Vp comes the Bredah-Bouncer,
His tusks ſtiff-ſtarch'd like a braue Mounſer,
Of Turnebull-Puncks a ſtaring Trouncer,
Some knew him;
Why, here (quoth we)-Why? zounds, becauſe
I tugg'd with Beares, and par'd their pawes,
But ſure I mawld Mr. Conſtables Iawes,
Or ſlew him:
All's one, —ſaid one, Pleaſe you to Bed Sir,
He (ſwearing) roar'd, I'm better bred Sir,
I ſcome to rocke my Harneſſe-Head Sir,
In feathers:
Giue

Giue me a Bricke, Sir, for my bolſter,
An Armorer ſtill is my vpholſter,
In froſt, ſnow, muck-hills I can roll Sir,
Hang wethers.
Rogue, fetch me a ſweet truſſe of ſtraw,
To fire thy Iayle, —Pox a this Law,
That coopes a Souldier like Iack-Daw,
I'ſt treaſon?
Raſcall! more Claret,-There's none here Sir,
Why then (you mangie Cur) ſome beere Sir,
There's not a Tapſter dares come neere Sir,
Thy reaſon.
Becauſe you thwack out ſuch huge words Sir,
His wezand fears them worſe than ſwords Sir,
Mum then, —Ile take a nap o'th' boords Sir,
He ſleepes there.

A croſſe-legg'd Rat.

A Puritan Taylor then came in,
Who, (to take meaſure) out had bin,
And (Mawdlin-drunke) to rince his ſin,
He weepes there.

Weepes to be call'd a Rat, being knowne
A Man at leaſt, —ſo downe being throwne
On a hard Bench, thus did he groane
In ſorrow;
Brethren, where am I? —One reply'd,
In *Wood-ſtreet* Compter: —O my pride!
Thou art tane downe, and I muſt hide
To morrow
Ahead, that ne're was hid before,
Woe worth him makes *Manaſſes* roare,
But dye I may not in his ſcore,
Belecue me,
For conſolation I eſpy
Th'row my ſweet Spaniſh Needles eye,
The Siſters will, (if here I lye)
Releeue me.
Siſters i'th' Compter! oh no! Here
Onely the wicked ones appeare,
Waſh then thy ſhame in briniſh teare
Confeſſing,
Th'art rightly puniſh'd for thy Yard,
And for thy Gooſe which graz'd too hard,
And for ſome ſtuffes which thou haſt marr'd
With preſſing.

We ask'd him, why he was brought in,
Blacke threads or vice (quoth he) I ſpin,
And then againe did thus begin,
Condoling,
All are not Friers (I ſee) weare Cowles,
Nor all in minc'd ruffes, Milke-white ſoules,
I ſhould haue talk'd thus, when the bowles
Were trolling:
But then, to ſteale, I held no harme,
Lappets of drinke to keepe me warme,
But linings wet, hurt, though they arme,
Indeedla,
O would my ſheeres might cut my thred,
Why is this croſſe-legg'd miſchiefe bred?
Mending my want from heele to head
With ſpeed-la.
Sorrow has made me dry.—No matter,
Out of mine eyes will I drinke water,
No other Ram my braines ſhall batter,
To kill me,
Roofe, Touch no more wines (French or
All drinks Papiſticall I baniſh, (Spaniſh)
Out of my lips, this phraſe ſhall vaniſh,
Boy,—Fill me.

One bid him call for beere, —He ſed,
Oh! No more beere, — but reach me bread,
By that Ile ſweare, —Would I were dead
And rotten,
When I agen ſwill ought but whay,
Yet left (being cold) my zeale decay,
Hot waters ſhall not be one day
Forgotten.

An Old gray Rat.

THis done, he nods, and quickly ſnores;
And then afreſh wide fly the dores,
An Vſurer hedg'd in with mad whores,
Came wallowing,
As does a great ſhip on the ſeas,
Set on by Gallies, —for, all theſe
Were Fiſh-wiues, who had wine at eaſe
Beene ſwallowing,
And blowne him vp with penny-pots
Of Sacke, which fall to him by lots,
Payd him at weekes end byth' old Crots,
For ſhillings
Each

Each Monday lent them, --To buy Skate
Crabs, Plaiſe, and Sprats at *Belinſgate*,
Thus, then they meet, and hold thus late
Their drillings.
Hee reſts in peace, --but is not dead,
Yet is wormes meat in lowzie bed,
And lies like one wrapd vp in lead,
None ſtirr'd him,
But all his Oyſter-mouths gap'd wide,
(Wine in their guts was at full Tide)
The Deuill did ſo their Rumps beſtride,
And ſpurr'd them:
They flung, & winc'd, & kick'd down ſtaires
Themſelues, --And ſtamp'd like Flanders Mares,
Hell is broke looſe,-No Keeper dares
Approach them;
For, at that Dogge (belawc'd in Sacke,)
They grinde their teeth, and curſe him black,
Crying out, 'Tis thee does breake their back,
And broach them
So faſt, that all their gaines boyle out,
Deepe-red to dye his pockie ſnout,
But, That which flung theſe brands about
So hotly,

'Gan now to quench them, ſleepe do's ſound
Retreat, Dead-drunke they all lye drow'nd
In caſt vp wine, —and on the ground
The ſhot lye.

A Blacke Rat.

SCarce was this helliſh dinne allay'd,
But drencht in mire, with drinke beray'd,
(New-curried) was brought in a Iade
All mettle,
An Eſtridge that iron barres could eat,
And ſtrong beere out of Sea-coales beat,
His fiſty-cuffes did the Watch fret
And nettle;
This ſecond Smug, who had the ſtaggers,
This Vulcaniſt, whoſe nailes were daggers,
This Smith ſo arm'd in Ale, he ſwaggers,
At ſnoring,
Though lockd vp, yet ſet vp his trade,
Bolts, Hindges, Barres, and Grates he made
Fly, —which being heard, the Iaylors payd
His roaring.
They

They furniſh'd him with iron enough,
Necke, hands, and legs had armour tough,
And ſtronger, (but more cold) than Buffe
To guard him;
How did they this? None durſt come neere
Like Tom of Bedlam did they fear him, (him
All bringing cans, to pledge them, ſwear him,
So ſnar'd him.
Yet, for all this, he danc'd in's ſhackles,
And cry'd, t'other Pot, I want more tackles,
And thus, (till breake of day) it cackles,
Layd hauing
The Addle Egge of his turn'd braines,
In his iron neſt of ruſtie chaines,
Which made him loſe both ſenſe of paines,
And rauing.

A long-tail'd Rat.

THe next that in our little ea'e,
Came to be bit with Lice and Fleas,
Was a ſprufle Knaue, (like none of theſe)
But ſober,
As

As the Strand May-pole,—It did goe
In ruffe,—His thumbe th'row ring did ſhow
A Gentleman ſeal'd,--for he was no
Hog-grubber:
It was a Petty-fogging Varlet,
Whoſe back wore freeze, but bum no ſcarlet,
And was tane napping with his Harlot,
At Noddy:
But being hal'd in, his haire he rent,
And ſwore, they all ſhould deere repent
Their baſeneſſe,—for no ill he meant
To her body.
The Priſoners ask'd then what ſhe was,
(Quoth he) My Client,—One well to paſſe,
Though here they impound me like an Aſſe,
Ile ferke them,
Ile make the Beadle pluck's in's horne,
He flirted at my noſe in ſcorne, (mourne,
The Watch ſhall ſtinke, the Conſtable
Ile ierke them,
Hang them (if need be)-for they broke
Her houſe,—That's Burglarie,—The clocke
Scarce counting two,--Then me they ſtruck
Ath' mazzard,
An

An action of ſtrong Battry! Good!
They made my noſe then guſh out bloud,
(One more!) --And that I miſt the mud
Was hazzard.
Here's Law in lumps:--Muſt (when to triall
My Client comes) I haue deniall
For ingreſſe to her, by Scabs? A Ryall
I enter
At Midnight,--a plaine Caſe,--elſe *Ployden*
The Caſe is altred:--ſhall each *Hoyden*
Barre Law her courſe? Dare ruſticke *Royden*
So venture?

A farthing-candle burning by,
By chance his rayling rage did dye,
Yet to his Breſt, Reuenge did cry:
So churning
His brains for Law-tricks how to ſting them,
And vp to all the Barres to bring them,
He ſate, (hard-twiſting cords to wring them)
Till morning.

No more of this light skipping verſe,
A dreerie tale I now rehearſe.

LOng this browne ſtudy did not laſt,
But in, at Compter-gates as faſt
Throng'd in the Watchagen, A noiſe
Of ſcraping men and ſqueaking boyes,
Straight fill'd the houſe. The Two-penny
leap'd vp, and fell a dancing hard: (Ward
Out at the Hole, all thruſt their heads,
The Knights Ward left their ſeuen-groat
The Maſters ſide hearing the din, (beds,
Swore, that the Deuill was ſure brought in,
But when they heard they Fidlers were,
Some curs'd the noyſe, ſome lent an eare;
None curs'd, but what went drunke to bed,
Being then for want of drinke halfe dead.
Lock'd were the Fidlers in a Roome,
All cry'd, Strike vp, Play Rogues, Fum-fum,
The Minnikin trickled, roare did the Baſe,
Then bawdy ſongs, all ſleepe muſt chace;
The men play'd heauily, boyes did whine,
Nor feeling meat, money, beere, nor wine,
Vp ſuch a laugh the Priſoners tooke,
That the Beds danc'd, and chambers ſhooke,
Nay, the ſtrange Hubbub did ſo pleaſe,
At Priſon-bace rant both Lice and Fleas.

The

The Rozzen rubd off, and Cats guts wearie,
We ask'd, How they who made men merrie
Grew sad themselues, And why (like Sprites)
Fiddlers being strung to walke a nights,
Were they lock'd vp? --One then (i'th' eye
Putting his finger) told vs why.
Quoth he, Being met by a mad Crew,
In these poore cases, --vp they drew
Our fiddles, and like Tinkers swore
We should play them to the Blew Bore,
Kept by Mad *Ralph* at Islington,
Whose Hum and Mum, being powr'd vpon
Our guts, --so burnt 'em, we detur'd
To part, --being out o'th' house ere fir'd
As our hands play'd, our Heads were plyed,
And, tho' the night was cold, we tried,
For such hot waters fed our braine,
Like Dawes in lune, we gap'd for raine.
Strong were our Cox-combs, our legs weake,
We, nor our fiddles had wit to speake,
The company then being fast asleepe,
And we payd soundly, out did creepe
Into the high-way. --O sweet Moone!
We, (but for thee) had beene vndone.

Yet, though thy torch to vs was lighted,
We all might well haue beene indited,
For breaking into others ground,
Three in one ditch being almoſt drown'd.
Yet out we ſcrambled, and along (throng,
The Play-houſe came, --where ſeeing no
We ſwore 'twas ſure ſome ſcuruie play,
That all the people ſo ſneak'd away,
And ſo the Players deſcended were
Toth' Staires, Nags head, or *Chriſtopher*.
To all thoſe Tauernes (we cry'd) Let's go,
At which one fell, and then ſwore --No.
The Bars at Smith-field well we paſt,
For all the Watch had runne in haſt,
Arm'd with chalk'd Bills, wak'd by a cry
Of whore-dorps tane by th' enemy.
From Cow-Croſſe ſtood thoſe ſtoues not far,
In which were entred men of warre,
(Low-Countrey Souldiers late come o're)
Each one going in to preſſe a whore.
Leauing them preſſing, on we trot
Through the Horſe-faire, till we had got
Into the middle of Long-Lane)
(Where vp the Deuill does Brokers traine)

There downe we fell, and then fell out,
Our letherne Cases flew about,
We fenc'd, and foyn'd, and fought so long,
That all our fiddles lay halfe vnstrung,
Their backs were broke, and we oth' ground
Swouning for greife they did not sound;
Our noyse brought vp from Aldersgate
The rugged Watch, who before sate
Nodding at the old Mermayds dore,
Who with a guard of halfe a score
Seiz'd vs, and cry'd, at going away,
Sad *Lachrimæ* you there shall play.
This told, the Prisoners laugh't out-right,
And tho the whole Ward had no light,
Yet from their beds all skip and crie,
Scraper, Strike vp, we the Watch defie.
The Moone so bold was to looke in,
And saw some onely in their skin,
(Naked as Cuckowes when Iune's past)
Some had long shirts downe to their waste,
Some wanted back-parts, some an arme,
None wore a shirt could keepe him warme,
A French Boy, that sweepes chimnies, weares
His patch'd vp Frocke as white as theirs:

Good-morrow.